



22

THE NEW 52!

SUPERMAN™

ACTION

COMICS™



ATOMIC NIGHT!

KIRKHAM

SCOTT
LOBDELL
TYLER
KIRKHAM

DCOMICS.COM

RATED T TEEN

SEP 2013

KIRKHAM



DC
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22

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**ATOMIC
NIGHT!**

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RATED T TEEN

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KIRKHAM

His name is Hector Hammond.

If you had asked him yesterday--

--he would have told you he had "seen it all."

JUST...
WOW.

Here is a man who gained incredible powers from exposure to a meteor.

He's gone head to massive head with no less than Green Lantern.

But that was then...



THIS IS NOW,
SOMEWHERE IN
EARTH'S ORBIT.

IT'S NOT
LIKE I HAVEN'T
BEEN OFF-PLANET
BEFORE.

I'VE
BATTLED
LANTERNS IN
THE FARTHEST
REACHES OF
SPACE.

BUT
THIS?

BUILT BY
THE SHEER WILL
AND INTELLECT OF
THE H.I.V.E.?

THOUGH IT WAS
DESIGNED TO WIPE
OUT ENTIRE NATIONS
IN THE BLINK OF
AN EYE...?
IT'S JUST SO...
BEAUTIFUL.

AHGH!

TZZT

EH?
A
TELEPORTATION
EFFECT?

SO HELP
ME, IF THIS IS ONE
OF THE JUSTICE
LEAGUE...

*HOLISTIC INTEGRATION FOR
VIRAL EQUALITY--ED

DC COMICS™ PROUDLY PRESENTS:

SUPERMAN IN
ACTION
COMICS™

**ATOMIC
KNIGHTS**

PART ONE

WRITTEN BY SCOTT LOBDELL ART BY TYLER KIRKHAM
COLOR BY ARIF PRIANTO LETTERS BY CARLOS M. MANGUAL
COVER BY TYLER KIRKHAM AND BARBARA CIARDO
ASSISTANT EDITOR ANTHONY MARQUES EDITOR EDDIE BERGANZA
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY



THAT
WOULD BE
A NOPE.

GREETINGS,
MAXIMUS
CRANIUS!

I AM
STRAITH, FIRST
KNIGHT OF THE PAX
GALACTICA.

NEEDLESS
TO SAY, I COME
IN PEACE.

HOVER
BACK, DR.
HAMMOND!

EH?

WE'LL
SEND THIS
CREATURE BACK
TO HIS HOME
WORLD.

BARRING
THAT, WE'LL
DISPERSE HIS
ATOMS TO
THE COSMIC
WINDS!

STAND DOWN,
GENTLEMEN. I KNOW
OUR RELATIONSHIP IS
JUST FORMING*--

--BUT
I NEED NO
HELP DEALING
WITH THIS
MORON.

HMM. ON MY
WORLD "MORON"
MEANS SOMEONE
IS STUPID.

YOU MIGHT
WANT TO USE
A DIFFERENT
WORD.

*SEE SUPERMAN #22-24
FOR THE DETAILS!--ED

I'M NOT
AFRAID OF
YOU, "FIRST
KNIGHT."

LOOK AT OUR
WORLD-CRUSHER
AND KNOW FEAR.
THROUGH GENIUS
AND DETERMINATION
WE'VE BUILT A WEAPON
CAPABLE OF TEARING A
PLANET IN TWO.

JUST IMAGINE
WHAT IT CAN DO
TO YOU.

MORON.

TRULY, 'TIS A
MASTERPIECE.

I WEEP
FOR WHAT
I AM ABOUT
TO DO!

?!


BUT
IN THE NAME
OF PEACE...THIS
WEAPON MUST
NOT STAND!

PAX
GALACTICA!

WAAAA

WAAAAAACK!

SO SAY
I.

OH,
C'MON!
DO
YOU HAVE
ANY IDEA HOW
MUCH THAT
COST?!

NAY.

WHAT DOES
A MORON CARE
OF COMMERCE,
EH?

KK

SIR, IN
THE NAME OF
H.I.V.E.--WE HAVE
TO GET YOU TO
SAFETY!

I DON'T
NEED YOUR
HELP.

BUT I
SUPPOSE--JUST
THIS ONCE--I WILL
ALLOW IT.

OR TO
PUT IT MORE
DIRECTLY...GET
ME OUT OF
HERE!

THEN WE'LL
COME BACK AND BRING
ALL OUR RESOURCES
TO BEAR ON THIS--THIS
CREATURE!

WHAT PART OF "LOOK LIKE WE'RE HAVING THE TIME OF OUR LIVES" WAS UNCLEAR, CLARK?

SORRY, CAT--I JUST KEEP THINKING YOU BLEW THE LAST OF OUR ALREADY MEAGER "BUDGET" ON THAT LIMOUSINE.

REMEMBER, CLARKCATROPOLIS.COM IS STILL A START-UP.

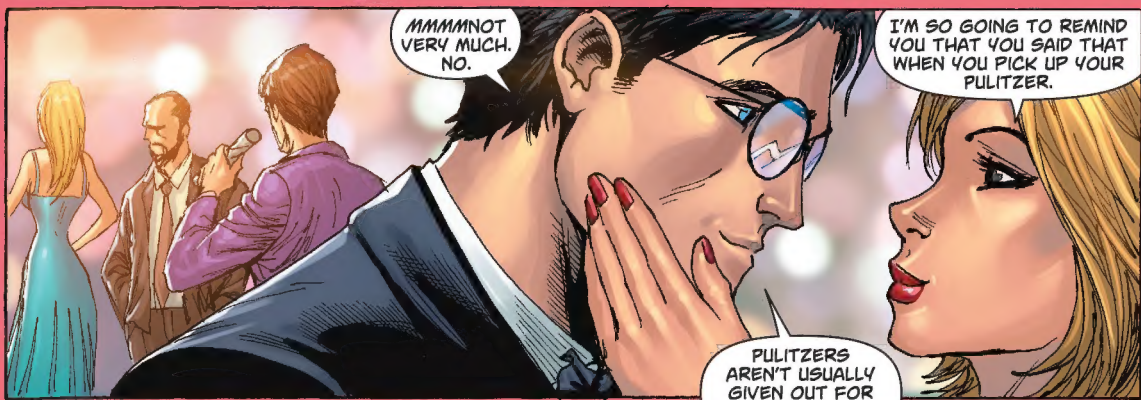
EXACTLY--WHICH IS WHY APPEARANCES ARE SO IMPORTANT.

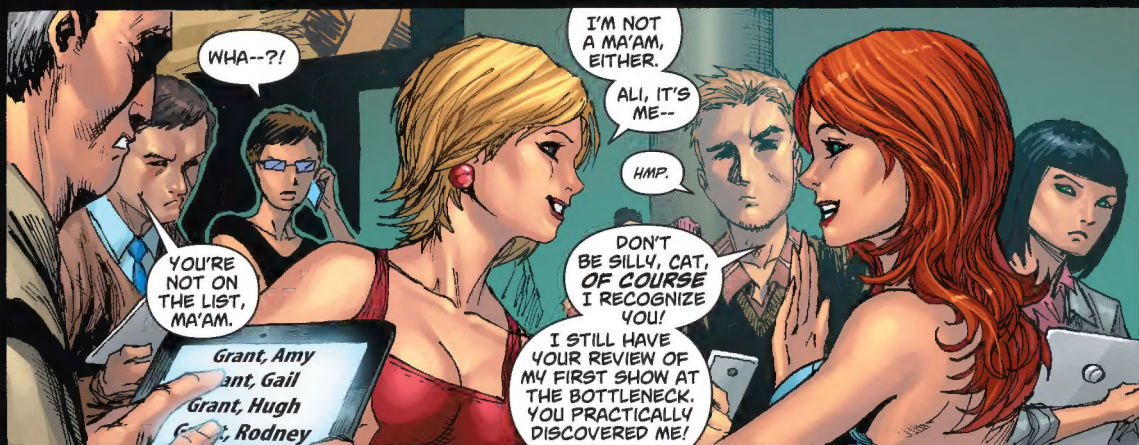
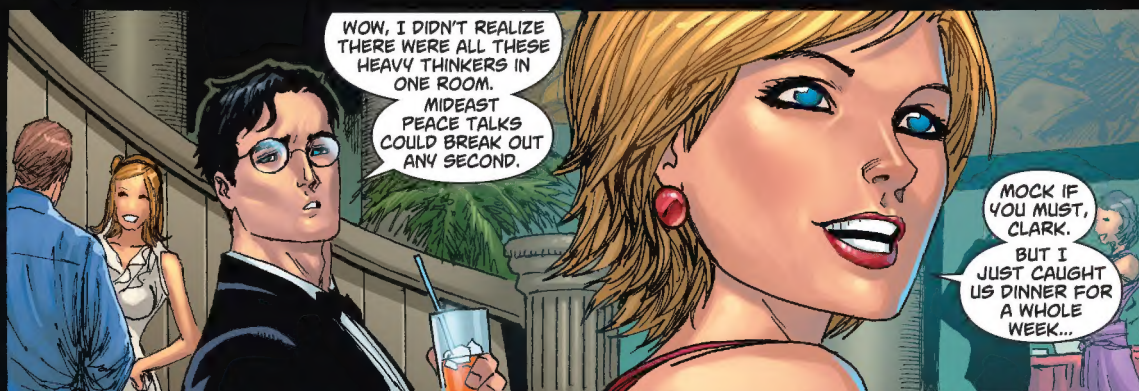
SO SMILE, OR SO HELP ME I'LL DRILL A HOLE THROUGH YOUR SHIN WITH MY STILETTO.

"AT GRANT, ENTERTAINMENT WRITER EXTRAORDINAIRE."

"CLARK KENT, NEWS REPORTER WITHOUT PEER."

THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS ON THEIR NEW INFO-TAINMENT WEBSITE, ANYWAY.





I MIGHT AS WELL
MINGLE. SHE'S
CLEARLY GOING
TO BE A FEW--

?! THAT
SMELL.

FAINT, BUT
UNMISTAKABLE.

INFINITIUM.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
PLEASE WELCOME THE
MAN OF THE HOUR--

SIR HARLAN
QUINT.

THANK
YOU ALL FOR
TURNING OUT
TONIGHT.

I CONFESS TO BEING SAD THAT
THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME WE'LL
BE GATHERING FOR SOME-
THING LIKE THIS.

BUT THE
ONLY SAMPLE OF
INFINITIUM THAT EXISTS
IN THIS DIMENSION IS A
MICROSCOPIC AMOUNT
IN MY FORTRESS
OF SOLITUDE.

SO
WHERE DID
THIS COME
FROM?

OH,
WHO NEEDS
TO LISTEN TO AN
OLD MAN MOPE?
AND AN ACTOR
NO LESS.

DRINK
UP!

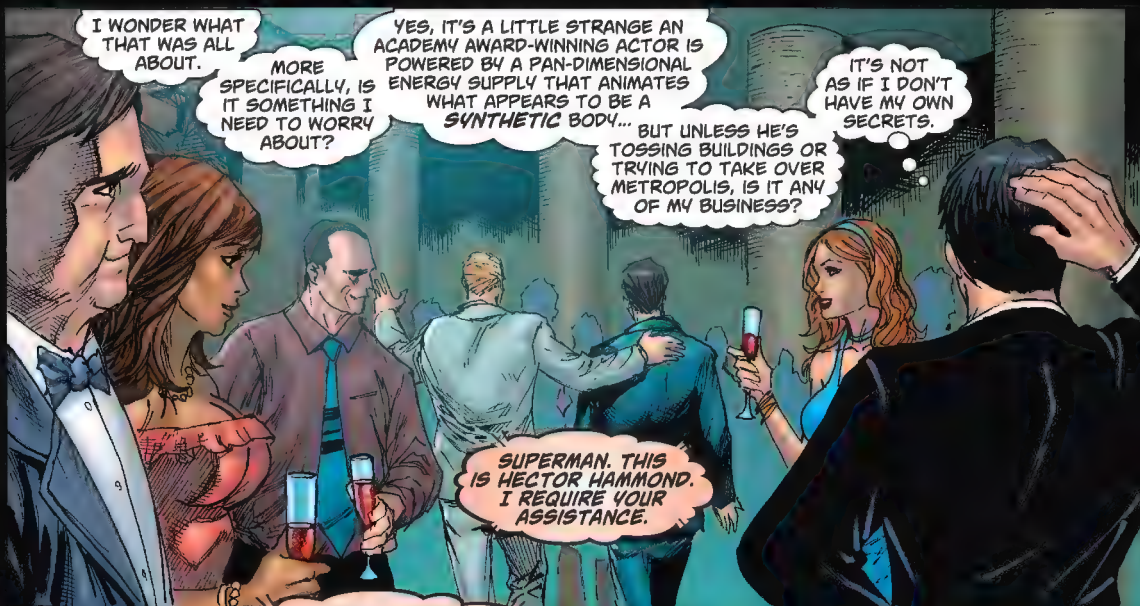
A QUICK
X-RAY GLANCE
SHOULD AT
LEAST--

WHAT
THE---?!

THE
INFINITIUM IS
POWERING HIS--HIS
WHAT? HIS...ENDO-
SKELETON? HIS
FRAME?

IS HE AN
ANDROID? HE
LOOKS ANCIENT
AND FUTURISTIC
AT THE SAME
TIME.

I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING
QUITE LIKE HIM
BEFORE--AND I'VE
SEEN A LOT.



I WONDER WHAT THAT WAS ALL ABOUT.

MORE SPECIFICALLY, IS IT SOMETHING I NEED TO WORRY ABOUT?

YES, IT'S A LITTLE STRANGE AN ACADEMY AWARD-WINNING ACTOR IS POWERED BY A PAN-DIMENSIONAL ENERGY SUPPLY THAT ANIMATES WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SYNTHETIC BODY...

BUT UNLESS HE'S TOSSING BUILDINGS OR TRYING TO TAKE OVER METROPOLIS, IS IT ANY OF MY BUSINESS?

IT'S NOT AS IF I DON'T HAVE MY OWN SECRETS.

SUPERMAN. THIS IS HECTOR HAMMOND. I REQUIRE YOUR ASSISTANCE.



SUPERMAN. THIS IS HECTOR HAMMOND. I KNOW YOU ARE SOMEWHERE IN METROPOLIS. I REQUIRE YOUR ASSISTANCE IN EARTH'S OUTER ORBIT.

UM...

THAT WAS WEIRD, HUH?



WHAT WAS WEIRD?

NOTHING. NEVER MIND.

H'OKAY.

**MOMENTS
LATER...**

...CLARK KENT'S TUX HAS GIVEN
WAY TO THE CEREMONIAL ARMOR
OF THE FAMILY FROM THE
PLANET OF HIS BIRTH, KRYPTON.

AT LEAST IT
SEEMS HAMMOND
HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO
FIGURE OUT THAT I'M
CLARK KENT--

--OR HE
WOULDN'T
HAVE HAD TO
CAST SO WIDE A
NET TRYING TO
REACH ME.

AND I SHOULD
BE GRATEFUL THAT
ORION'S SAFEGUARDS
ARE KEEPING THIS
PSYCHOPATH OUT OF
MY MIND.

BUT
IT'S DISTURBING
TO THINK OF THE RANGE
OF HAMMOND'S PSIONIC
CONTROL OVER
THE PEOPLE OF
METROPOLIS...

...WITHOUT
THEIR EVEN
KNOWING
IT.

HAL*
NEVER INDICATED
THIS GUY WAS THAT
POWERFUL. SO WHAT
HAPPENED?**

*HAL JORDAN,
GREEN LANTERN.

**SEE SUPERMAN #21 FOR
DETAILS--STILL ON SALE!



WHAT
TOOK YOU SO
LONG?

I WOULDN'T
HAVE COME AT ALL
IF I WASN'T SO
CURIOUS AS TO HOW
YOU ESCAPED FROM
S.T.A.R. LABS.

LET'S SAY I
HAD HELP AND
LEAVE IT AT
THAT.

BUT I NEED
YOU TO FOCUS,
SUPERMAN.

THAT
DEBRIS IN THE
DISTANCE?

UNTIL A FEW
MOMENTS AGO
IT BELONGED
TO ME.

AND YOU
DON'T HAVE ANY
INTEREST IN MEETING
THIS CREATURE?

TO MAKE SURE
HE ISN'T AN EVEN
GREATER THREAT
THAN ME?

I'M NOT
YOUR LAP DOG,
HAMMOND.

AREN'T
YOU?

CLEARLY
IT HOUSED
A PHOTON
REACTOR--

--CAPABLE OF
SPLITTING A CITY IN
TWO FROM OUTER
SPACE.

WHOEVER
TRASHED IT
DID EARTH A
FAVOR.

"YOU CAN FIND
THE CREATURE
OVER THERE."

"ON THE
MOON."



HELLO
THERE.

I'M
SUPERMAN, OF
THE PLANET
EARTH.

GOOD
ON YOU.



I WAS
WONDERING
WHAT IT IS
YOU'RE DOING
HERE IN THIS
SECTION OF
SPACE.

ARE YOU
VISITING?

LOST?

I ASKED
BECAUSE I
COULDN'T HELP
NOTICING THAT
YOU DESTROYED
A--

DO YOU
HAVE AN
EARTH WORD
FOR "SHUT
UP"?

I'M
IN THE MIDDLE
OF SOMETHING
HERE.

WHAM



URPHN!

WAP

...HIT FIRST...

ONCE, CLARK. JUST ONCE.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE THE BIG UGLY ALIEN THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT. YOU'RE GOING TO...

HO?!

WHBAM

...AND OFTEN!

LET'S TRY THAT AGAIN. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE-- --AND HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO LEAVE?

YANK

THPMP

THBUMP

BBUMP

STRAITH IS NOT USED TO BEING ADDRESSED IN SUCH A MANNER...



I LIKE YOU, CHILD. YOU AMUSE ME.

BUT I AM A HIGH KNIGHT OF THE PAX GALACTICA--

--ON A QUEST THAT LEAVES THE FATE OF THE VERY UNIVERSE HANGING IN THE BALANCE.

SO YOU WILL FORGIVE ME IF I HAVE NO MORE TIME FOR YOUR GAMES.

DO I LOOK LIKE I'M PLAYING?

HOW FAST--?!

WHAM

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF PAX GALACTICA--

...WITH GOOD REASON.

NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS NOVA-SLAMMER!

--AND UNTIL I GET SOME CONFIRMATION THAT YOU'RE DOING SOMETHING GENUINELY NOBLE...

YOU DARE QUESTION ME?!

I WILL KILL YOU FOR THIS AFFRONT!

YOU WILL DO NO SUCH THING, STRAITH.

B-BAM

HUH?

WE HAVE NO
TIME FOR THIS
NONSENSE.

A THREAT
GREATER THAN E'ER
KNOWN WINGS ITS WAY
HERE. WE NEED TO BATTLE
THE LEXUS AND NOT
EACH OTHER!

SO
SAY I, LOURDES
OF THE PAX
GALACTICA!

SO
SAY WE
ALL.

NEXT
ISSUE!

SUPERMAN
and the **PAX GALACTICA**
battle a threat unlike any he's ever faced before!

FAR FROM KRYPTON'S CAPITAL, JOR-EL AND HIS COLLEAGUES HAVE JUST DISCOVERED THE GREATEST ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND IN KRYPTON'S HISTORY. THE ANCIENT UNDERWATER CITY OF XAN.

UNBEKNOWNST TO THEM, A MILITARY COUP INTENT ON SQUASHING KRYPTON'S TECHNOLOGICALLY BASED SOCIETY HAS UNFOLDED IN THE CAPITAL.

JOR-EL,
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST FOR CRIMES
AGAINST KRYPTON. COME
PEACEFULLY OR FACE
NEUTRALIZATION.

THE
SCIENCE COUNCIL
HAS BEEN DISSOLVED.
YOUR KIND IS NO
LONGER IN CONTROL
OF THE PLANET'S
DESTINY.

WHAT
CRIMES? I
HAVE EVERY
RIGHT TO BE
HERE.

WE'VE
DONE NOTHING
WRONG.

ZORA!

FIRST
OF ALL, I'M NOT
GOING ANYWHERE
WITH YOU. SECOND,
IF MY CHOICE IS
BETWEEN SCIENCE
AND MILITARY
MIGHT...

I
CHOOSE...



...SCIENCE!

WHAT DID YOU DO, JOR-EL?

THOOOOOOM

THE WORLD OF KRYPTON

DARKEST PART 3: DEPTHS

WRITTEN BY: FRANK HANNAH
ART: TOM BERENICK

LETTERS: CARLOS M. MANGUAL
COLOR: HI-FI

ASST. EDITOR: ANTHONY MARQUES
EDITOR: EDDIE BERGANZA

SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY

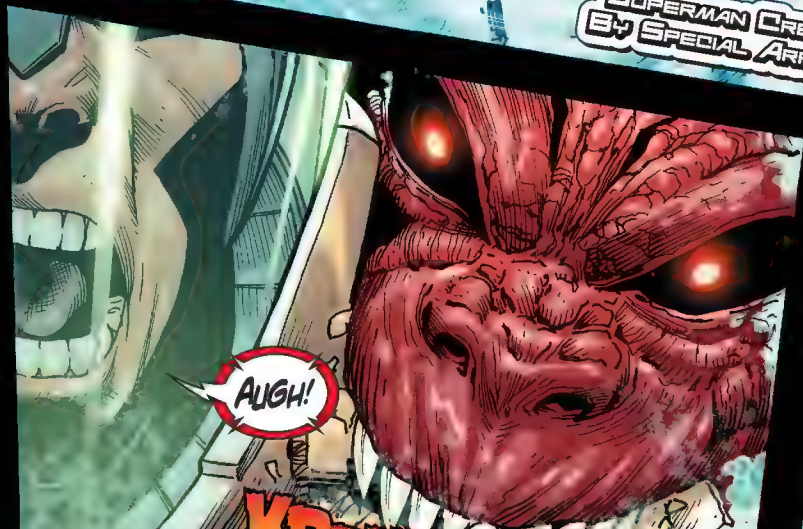
HE'S RISING TOO FAST, ZORA! I CAN'T!

LAR, JOR-EL'S NOT CONSCIOUS! DO SOMETHING!



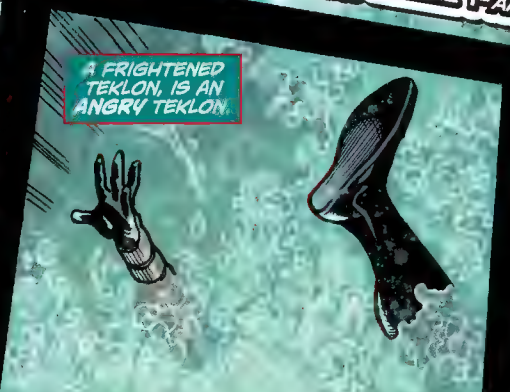
THE ONE THING I WARNED EVERYONE AGAINST...

SPOOKED THE TEKLONS!



AUGH!

KRRRLLUNCH



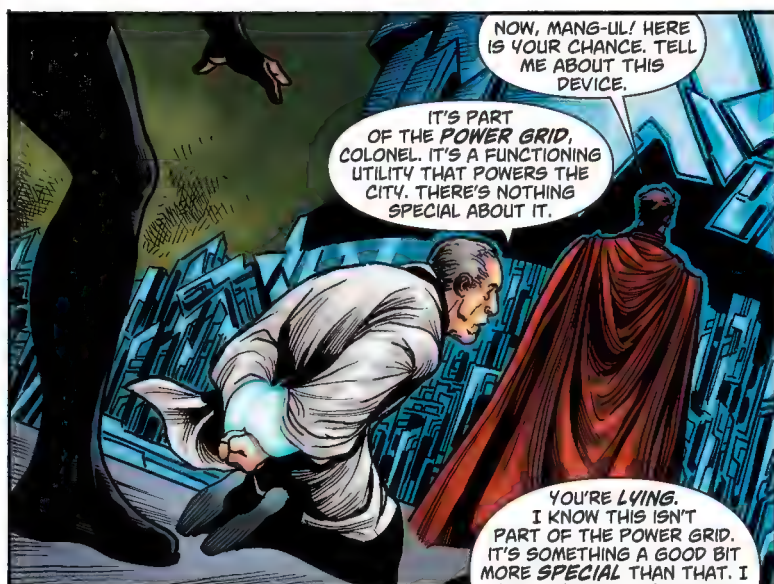
A FRIGHTENED TEKLON, IS AN ANGRY TEKLON.

**KRYPTON'S SUBTERRANEAN
POWER GRID.**

DEEP BENEATH THE CAPITAL CITY.



ESTEEMED
SCIENCE COUNCIL,
SOME OF YOU HAVE BEEN
KEPT ALIVE THUS FAR TO
ADVANCE THE CAUSE OF
RIGHTEOUSNESS. THE
DECISION TO **STAY**
ALIVE IS UP TO
YOU.



NOW, MANG-UL! HERE
IS YOUR CHANCE. TELL
ME ABOUT THIS
DEVICE.

IT'S PART
OF THE **POWER GRID**,
COLONEL. IT'S A FUNCTIONING
UTILITY THAT POWERS THE
CITY. THERE'S NOTHING
SPECIAL ABOUT IT.

YOU'RE LYING.
I KNOW THIS ISN'T
PART OF THE **POWER GRID**.
IT'S SOMETHING A GOOD BIT
MORE **SPECIAL** THAN THAT. I
NEED THE **PROTOCOLS** FOR
THIS **IMMEDIATELY** OR I
START KILLING YOU
ONE BY ONE.



I TOLD
YOU. IT'S PART
OF THE--

I'M
RUNNING OUT
OF PATIENCE.

ANYONE?
NO? FINE.
KILL THEM
ALL!





ENOUGH!
I KNOW
WHAT IT
IS.



I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN IT
WOULD BE YOU,
KRA-HU. THE
TEACHER.
THE
COWARD.



IT'S A **SENSORY
HARMONIC RESONATOR**.
MY KNOWLEDGE OF IT IS
LIMITED. THE OTHERS
CANNOT HELP YOU.

THERE IS
ONLY ONE PERSON
WHO KNOWS THE
PROTOCOLS FOR
THIS DEVICE.

AND
WHO WOULD
THAT BE?

JOR-EL.



LET ME TELL
YOU WHAT I KNOW.
THIS DEVICE HAS BEEN
MANIPULATING THE
PEOPLE OF KRYPTON.
KEEPING YOU ALL
INTELLECTUALLY
CURIOUS.

WHILE
STIMULATING
THE PART OF YOUR
BRAIN THAT SEEKS
TO KEEP THE PEACE.
**THAT IS ABOUT
TO CHANGE.**

MEANWHILE,
BACK IN THE
SEA OF BANZT.

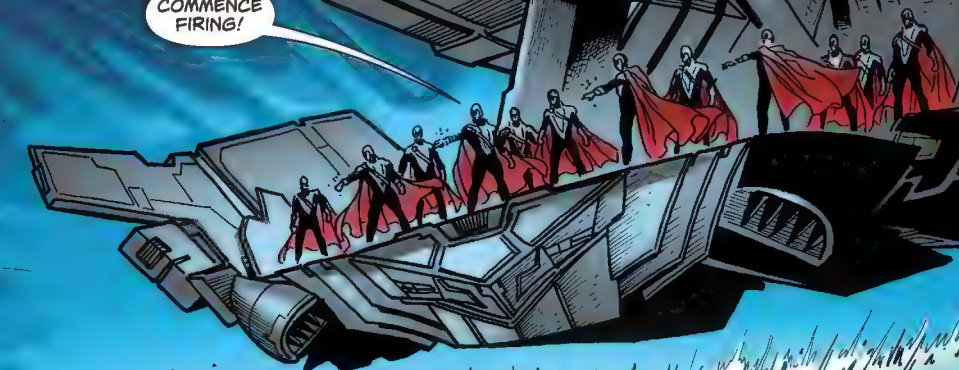
COME ON,
JOR-EL!

UGHHH.
WHAT
HAPPENED?

HE'S
ALIVE!

TARGET HAS
SURFACED.

COMMENCE
FIRING!



THAT'S
ENOUGH. WE
NEED HIM
ALIVE.

HOW
COULD YOU
DO THAT?
IT'S ME YOU
WANT! NOT
THEM.

IF I WERE
YOU, FRIEND,
I'D
USE THAT SCIENTIFIC
BRAIN OF YOURS AND
FIGURE OUT THAT THIS
IS THE PART WHERE
YOU KEEP YOUR
MOUTH SHUT.

KA-THOOM



GET ON.
WE'VE GOT A
LOT TO TALK
ABOUT.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
WHAT'S GOING
ON? WHO ARE
YOU?

THERE'LL BE
TIME FOR YOUR
ENDLESS POST
MORTEMS AFTER.
RIGHT NOW, I
NEED TO GET
YOU AWAY FROM
HERE.

AND FOR
THE RECORD--
LARA LOR-VAN,
CADET OF THE
MILITARY
ACADEMY...UP
'TIL NOW.



SO THIS IS A
MILITARY COUP?
REALLY?

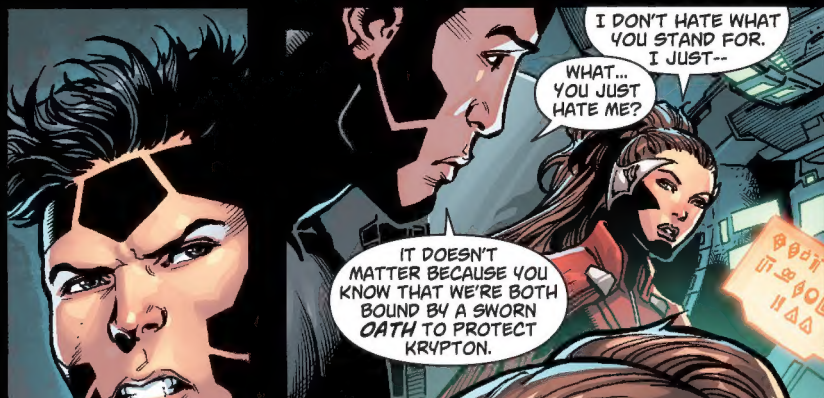


YES. THEY'RE DESTROYING
EVERY OUNCE OF THE SCIENCE
COUNCIL'S PRESENCE
IN KRYPTON.

WELL, I
HAVE TO GO
BACK THERE,
THEN.

AND DO
WHAT? TAKE
ON THE ENTIRE
MILITARY? JUST YOU
AND I? DON'T YOU
UNDERSTAND? THE
COLONEL *SHOT* THE
MINISTER OF
SCIENCE!

HE'LL
KILL YOU!



I DON'T HATE WHAT
YOU STAND FOR.
I JUST--

WHAT...
YOU JUST
HATE ME?

IT DOESN'T
MATTER BECAUSE YOU
KNOW THAT WE'RE BOTH
BOUND BY A SWORN
OATH TO PROTECT
KRYPTON.

THEN WHY ARE
YOU HELPING ME? YOU
ARE MILITARY. OR WERE.
IT'S NO SECRET YOU HATE
EVERYTHING I STAND FOR.

THIS IS
GOING TO GET
US BOTH KILLED,
BUT SOMEHOW,
THE ALTERNATIVE
SOUNDS
WORSE...



THINK OF IT.
WHEN I HAVE THIS DEVICE
REPURPOSED FOR MY DEMANDS,
THE KRYPTON OF TODAY
WILL BE GONE.

THE
MASSES WILL
BEHAVE AS I SEE FIT.
THEY WILL HAPPILY DESTROY
THEMSELVES WITHOUT THE
FAINTEST IDEA WHY
THEY DO IT.

INSTEAD
OF STUDYING AND
RESEARCHING EVERY OUNCE
OF KRYPTONIAN MINUTIAE,
THEY WILL BLANKLY OBEY
WITHOUT QUESTION.

THEY WILL
ONLY KNOW THE SOURCE
OF THEIR SELF-DESTRUCTION
AFTER IT'S TOO LATE
TO STOP IT.

YOU'RE
INSANE!

FAR FROM
IT. I'VE NEVER
BEEN MORE SURE OF
ANYTHING IN MY LIFE.
WHAT I'M DOING IS
RIGHT. FOR KRYPTON.
FOR ITS LOST
BILLIONS.

FOR
**THE
ERADICATOR!**

NEXT
FOR
KRYPTON!

